



The Guests Arrive : Above, the machines at Heston (*Flight* photograph); above, Capt. A. von Winterfeldt, the pilot of the Heinkel Kadett, and Dr. Robert Henschel are welcomed; right, Col. E. Messner and others have their luggage brought in by the ever-helpful students of the College of Aeronautical Engineering. (*Flight* photograph.)



trains could be stopped at Stanford station, near Lympe, for the benefit of those who could be dragged away from the Cinque Ports' hospitality, it was learnt that no fewer than fifteen machines were somewhere in the air between Lympe and Heston. The control officers must have mopped their brows. At 4.30 p.m. M. Provost's Leopard arrived, and very shortly afterwards a Brussels Club Stampe et Vertongen S.V.-4 (with enclosed cockpits reminiscent of the coupé Gipsy) came in with Count Jacques d'Ursel and Baron R. de Vinck de Winnezele.

Someone or other volunteered the information that three machines, a biplane and two high-wing monoplanes, had been seen chasing up and down the hills searching for the Dorking gap. Whoever they may have been, it was not long afterwards when two Swiss machines, a Leopard and a Puss, turned up carrying, respectively, and among others, Major Nabholz and Col. E. Messner. The biplane may have been the Heinkel Kadett, flown by Capt. A. von Winterfeldt, which made its circuit as a beautiful vertical turn. Although we did not see him, it appears that Georges Hanet (Caudron Frégate) completed the sum of Thursday's arrivals.

On the following day we heard something of the way in which our climate had attempted to undo the good work of the Aérien, though, fortunately, without any grim results. The worst incident concerned the forced landing made by the second S.V.-4 between Dymchurch and Littlestone owing to fuel shortage. Mr Bentley, of Shell, after taking a pilot down to Lympe to collect his machine, did his best to assist. M. Delbes (Caudron Super-Phalène) damaged his airscrew at Penshurst. Apart from these two cases all was well—which is surprising enough when it is remembered that, later in the day, even Lympe could not be entered. In all, nine people put down at Lympe on Thursday, six at Penshurst, three at Hawkinge, and one at Littlestone. One, who shall be nameless, pulled off a beautiful forced landing at Shorncliffe Camp, near Hythe, and was so well entertained in the mess that there was some difficulty about his eventual removal to less unorthodox quarters.

Bringing Them In

But the stories of the eighty-odd machines which eventually arrived would fill a book. Hunting them up was like searching for eighty needles in a large haystack. Only the indefatigable Press secretary at Heston had firm knowledge of their whereabouts (obtained from that source of all true knowledge, the control tower). The Royal Aero Club had, officially, no ideas whatever, though, no doubt, someone knew something, somewhere.

Little by little, with the help of people such as Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who flew his Dragonfly to Lympe with four pilots, all the machines were collected and Friday's arrangements were carried out according to plan. These consisted, pleasantly enough, of a visit by air to either Oxford or Cambridge. We elected to go to Cambridge and, after hanging about at Heston until 11.30 a.m. in an endeavour to